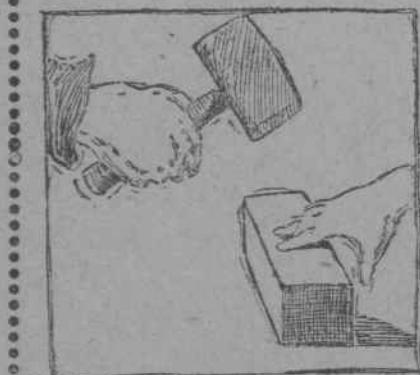


CHILDREN'S LIFE.



HERE is a budget of the saddest of all tales—tales about the woes of children. They are not concerned with those troubles which are real to children but trivial to adults. These stories are about real, downright suffering, which would be felt just as keenly by persons old enough to endure them with mature fortitude. Indeed, none but a child in this enlightened age and country could possibly encounter the torture that little Alice Smith met with at the hands of her stepmother. For the rest, hunger, desertion and injury and death by accident in various ways swell the painful record of one day's child life in and about New York.

It was lucky for Mrs. Stephen O'Connor that she was evicted in the Spring, and not the Autumn, for her three children could not have survived four months of homelessness when snow was on the ground. As it is their wanderings have shrouded them up into the most forlorn caricatures of childhood that could well be imagined.

From April to August did these mites creep about the streets with their helpless mother, sleeping in the parks, in lumber yards, in hallways, eating the scraps grudgingly thrown to them, and foraging eagerly for food rejected by others. And neither the police nor any of the numerous charitable societies suspected their existence. That no ingredient might be lacking in their cup of misery, Mrs. O'Connor was on the eve of an addition to her brood.

FAMILY WANDERS FOR FOUR MONTHS.

They had a father, these small wanderers, but he had reached the deliberate conclusion that he had enough to do to support himself, and he considered the obligations of paternity to be as easily thrown off as a duck throws water off its back. The situation was an anomalous one to say the least, and he encountered his outcast family his wife would entreat him to get food for his starving children.

It was in order to rid himself of this nuisance that Stephen O'Connor yesterday morning drew the attention of the Gory Society to the plight of his wife and children.

"They're asleep now in a hallway in East Twentieth street," he said to Agent Diamond. "I wish you'd put them away somewhere, so that I won't be bothered with my wife whenever I meet her."

Diamond went with his informant and found the O'Connor family as described. The children, the oldest of whom is a girl of seven, were half-naked, and their bodies seemed ready to start through the skin. All cried bitterly for food when awakened, and mother and child were wailing and dirge and unkempt, as might be expected after four months in the streets, without a comb or a piece of soap.

"I've enough to do to support myself without all this crowd," said O'Connor, when asked on the subject. He went on to explain that he had worked for a time on the street, and had been arrested for vagrancy. "Didn't you give any of the money to your wife to feed the children?" asked Agent Diamond.

"To be with the children," responded O'Connor. "I was starving myself."

"This is the most brutal case I have heard of," exclaimed Magistrate Cornell when he saw the victims in Yorkville Police Court and heard their story. He held O'Connor for trial and ordered the children over to the Gory Society.

THE moral of this story is that if you wish to go away for a few days and leave your children in the care of a neighbor, you should select a neighbor who is not on the eve of being evicted. James and Susan Killane had not acquired this elementary philosophy of the tenements, and the result is that they have not only lost their children, but are charged with desertion. The Killanes took a room early last week at No. 83 Clarkson street. The parents departed almost immediately, without mentioning their intentions, leaving their three children to seek for themselves. Dazed and alone, the children did not return. The little ones subsisted precariously on such food as the other tenants of the house vouchsafed them, and on Friday they fell into the hands of the police, very much the worse for wear. Mrs. Killane rushed into the Charles street police station on Saturday night to inquire for her children.

"It's an outrage," she said, "that a body can't go away for a few days without having her children stolen."

An unassuming sergeant entered a charge of desertion against her name and caused her to be locked up. By and by Killane himself came in to find out what was delaying his wife. He, too, was arrested.

"Why I was away working all the time," he said.

Mrs. Killane did not say where she had been, but she told Magistrate Kutlich in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning that she had left her little ones in the care of a "very nice old lady."

"The worst of it was, though," she added, "the old lady was a Jew."

She and her husband were held for examination.

"A LICE in Tortureland" might fittingly be the title of this story, which is about a lean little wisp of a girl named Alice Smith, with a great terror in her eyes and wounds from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes. The most ferocious of all stepmothers tales.

For this part, a welcome is awaiting the men of this squadron from the millions of their countrymen who followed anxiously from day to day the work they did outside of the city.



Little Girl Terribly Maltreated.

Alice Smith had forty-two wounds on her body when an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children examined her in Patterson. She declared that her stepmother pounded her head, thrust it into boiling water and beat her terribly, and her appearance bore out her statements.

In whose house she took refuge was so horrified at her story and the marks of injury she exhibited that he went to Patterson and reported the case to President Bishop of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Abraham Van Houten is the name of President Bishop's informant. He is the landlord of the child's father, who keeps a small farm, and he told Mr. Killane that the lives of Smith's five children by his first wife had been insured.

"Mrs. Smith told me," he continued, "that the police caught her from \$10 to \$400. I'll have the brats dead inside of a year, she said."

For some time he had been harboring another of the children, Inez, who has been barbarously treated by the woman. He had seen Mrs. Smith pull Inez out of a chair by her hair, he said, and drag her all over the house.

President Bishop made a trip to Pompton Lakes, and obtained more than a dozen affidavits from Inez, who is now in the custody of the police. Smith, who is a tall, ill-favored woman of masculine appearance, not much more than thirty, made damaging admissions.

She admitted that the lives of the children were insured, but denied that she had said she would have them dead inside of a year. As to specific acts of cruelty she was quite frank. President Bishop found himself hampered in bringing her to justice by a doubt as to whether the Smith home is in Passaic County or Bergen County, which explains why Mrs. Smith retains her liberty.

Alice Smith was removed to Patterson on Saturday night and examined by Dr. Mercey. He counted forty-two wounds on her body, to say nothing of innumerable cuts and scratches and burns. Most serious of all were two dark spots over the child's lungs, where she had been beaten with a club. These had resulted in injuries which caused her acute pain at every breath, and the doctor expressed the fear that they might prove very serious.

Nicholas E. Smith's second wife conducted a hotel for the children, and was never satisfied unless she was inventing tortures for them. Alice says that one of her worst punishments was to be made to eat a piece of cake to which she had added arsenic.

"Another time," she said, "mother wouldn't give me anything to eat for a long time, and I was so hungry that I was naughty and stole an apple. She caught me at it and stuck both my hands in a pair of boiling water and held them there for a long time, and the skin came peeling off. Father heard about that and he was very angry, and for a long time he kept me in a cage, and he beat me, and then she got just as cross as ever again."

old Watson lingered in the water after the others had gone ashore and amused themselves by diving from a skiff, which was loaded with a quantity of food, and which they had been warned to avoid, because of the eddies. Presently Watson was away, crying for help. Watson was sprung to his feet, and he was soon found, his right hand and his left hand were both broken, and he was unable to move.

It was then that Tommy Ryan and George Gallot dashed into the water and saved him. It seemed to the spectators on shore that they were under water longer than a man could possibly live without taking breath, and they were surprised to find him breathing when they pulled him up. He was found a quarter of a mile away from the scene of the drowning.

Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 14.—Straitlaced persons, who regard prize fighting with beating, are hearing upon Tommy Ryan, the welter weight champion, and many would gladly shake him by the hand, for Tommy Ryan risked his life today to save a drowning man. It is only fair to add that George Gallot, of New York, who is not a champion anything, but just an amiable summer boarder, exhibited valor equal to Ryan's.

But for these brave young men there would be the loss of two lives to chronicle. As it is, one man was drowned. The victim of the powerful undertow at Stratford Beach was Conrad Reed, of Seventh avenue and Twentieth street, New York. He lost his father only a month ago, and succeeded him in the locksmith's business, which was to be the maintenance of his mother and himself. A friend named George Bagley asked him on Saturday night to join in a trip to Stratford Beach, but if his mother had not urged him to go he would have refused to leave her so soon after her bereavement.

Significance of a Popular Song. There were a great many young people at the Summer resort, and Reed achieved quite a popularity because he knew all the popular songs and could sing them well. Just before going in to bathe this morning he led the party on the beach of the Sound View House in the glory of his latest sentimental ditty "Break the News to Mother."

Reed and a Brooklyn youth named Don-

ALL SORTS OF SAD STORIES.

Both Inez and Alice have been taken charge of by the Children's Society, and are collecting evidence which they mean to forward to Justice Barclay within a few days.

NEW JERSEY children are not without their troubles. Here are some instances, culled from the news of the day:

Fred Engle, aged twelve, of No. 26 Bergen street, East River, fifteen years old, left his home at No. 133 Park street, New York, Friday afternoon to go swimming in the Passaic River. He has not been home since and his parents were justly alarmed.

Little Daisy Van Ness was joyfully playing-hopping along the street in Newark Saturday, as happy a child as one could wish to see. She was a little girl of five, and her mother was justly proud of her.

Laura Whelan, nine years old, was severely injured Saturday night while she and other children were imitating the charge of Roosevelt's Rough Riders at San Angelo. Laura led the charge of the Rough Riders up the steep embankment of the Newark and New York Railroad to attack the Spanish force on the Wald street bridge. Laura reached the bridge and slipped and fell to the street.

THE Brooklyn trolley lines claimed another victim, Walter Webb, eleven years old, whose parents live at No. 260 Eldert street, Williamsburg, died early yesterday morning in St. Mary's Hospital from injuries sustained Saturday night.

HE'S TROLLEY VICTIM NO. 203. The little fellow had been sent on an errand by his mother, and while crossing Halsey street at Evergreen avenue, was run down by a Halsey street trolley car, in charge of Motoman Charles Fox. The car was going at a high rate of speed when it struck the boy and dragged him several yards before it could be brought to a stop.

MAX SOLOMON, of No. 65 Manhat street, called at Police Headquarters yesterday morning to see if anything had been heard from his one-year-and-nine-months-old child, Tessie, who disappeared on Saturday afternoon.

THIS LITTLE BABY IS LOST. The mother is ill in Liberty, Sullivan County, and on Saturday afternoon the father took his nine-year-old daughter and the baby down to the South river for a ride to Brooklyn. On the Brooklyn side, he left the baby a few moments. When he returned the child was gone. The place was searched, but in vain. No trace of the missing one could be found.

PRIZE FIGHTER A LIFE-SAVING HERO. Tommy Ryan Helps Rescue a Drowning Man at Great Risk.

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SEARSE RIVANCE ENDS IN DIVORCE.

Broker Benjamin Married Miss Joyce, Whose Life He Saved.

FROM LONG BRANCH SURF. Spent Her Fortune, and Then Gave Her Cause to Free Him.

WHEN FREE HE MARRIED AGAIN. And the Second Mrs. Benjamin is She Who Was Named in the First Wife's Suit.

MRS. EUGENIE S. BENJAMIN obtained a divorce from her husband, Alfred N. Benjamin, in the Supreme Court on the statutory ground last month. He is a Wall Street broker and she is beautiful and wealthy. They were married six years ago in this city.

Mr. Benjamin first met the young woman, who was then Miss Joyce, at Long Branch, where he courageously saved her life after a hard battle with the undertow off the beach. The happiness believed by their friends to be in store for them was rudely shattered after Mr. Benjamin had spent \$27,000 of Mrs. Benjamin's fortune. Now he is married again.

CHAPTER I. The Heroine and the Rescue. MISS EUGENIE SAFFRAY JOYCE comes of an old Maryland family. She inherited the beauty which made her maternal ancestors noted as belles in Baltimore. Her father died when she was young, leaving a comfortable fortune to his wife and daughter. They came to this city in 1880, and made their residence in West Thirty-fourth street.

In 1882 Miss Joyce spent the Summer in Long Branch, at Leland's Hotel, and her beauty attracted much attention. She is an expert swimmer, and her daily dips in the surf were watched by a crowd of people. She was venturesome because of her strength and endurance, but one day when the surf was running high she went far out beyond its life line, and became helplessly entangled in the undertow.

The life savers hurried through the waves toward her, but she would have been drowned had it not been for Alfred N. Benjamin, who was in the surf at the time. He had seen her cross the danger line, and being a powerful swimmer, he battled with the fierce undertow and reached her side. He inspired her with confidence, and after a long and desperate struggle, brought her to the beach. She had lost consciousness in the water and Mr. Benjamin was so exhausted that both of them would have been drowned if the tide had not been greater. Miss Joyce was ill for several days after her thrilling experience, but soon resumed her place as the belle of the beach.

CHAPTER II. Marriage That Promised Well. MISS JOYCE and Mr. Benjamin were strangers until their hands clasped in the dashing waves and they faced death together. Mr. Benjamin fell in love with the beautiful girl he had saved, but as he modestly refrained from calling upon her, she sent for him to extend her thanks.

Mr. Benjamin, it is said, can trace his ancestry back to the founders of the city. Benjamin-on-the-Rhine, famed in song and poetry. Nothing was more natural than that Miss Joyce should have had a stronger feeling for the man who had saved her life, with such a lineage, had risked his life for hers. They were inseparable during the summer season at Long Branch, and when they returned to this city their engagement was announced to their friends. They were quietly married about Christmas, 1882, and they lived happily ever after.

CHAPTER III. Something More Sordid Than Love. MR. BENJAMIN, or, as he now calls himself, Benjamin, is a broker, and deals in puts and calls. He has an office in the Mills building. Shortly before he was married he decided to change his name and make it less unwieldy for business purposes. He dropped the Benjamin and announced that thereafter he would be plain Benjamin. Under the name of Benjamin, he lived with his wife at the Imperial and other hotels for about a year, and then Mrs. Benjamin, wishing to have a home of her own, bought the house at No. 435 West Eighty-eighth street.

Before the marriage Mrs. Benjamin had been led to believe that her husband was a man of fortune, and that he would be able to support her in the most luxurious style. She says now that she soon found out that he was a man of no fortune, and that he was a man of no character. She had a fluctuating income, depending on how the market harmonized with puts and calls. She says she was never able to get enough to buy a brownstone house, and again he did not have enough to buy a carriage and coach. According to her story, he was a man of no character, and he was a man of no fortune.

CHAPTER IV. He Steals Three Gold Watches, Pawns Them and Goes on a Trip. Mrs. Sarah Wedelberger, who lives at No. 124 Allen street, was complaining against her son Charles, fifteen years old, and Jacob Lash, of the same age, of No. 25 Broome street, in the Essex Market Police Court yesterday. She charged the boys with stealing three gold watches and a silver watch, valued in all at \$135, from her.

The boys pawned the watches in the Bowery and went to Philadelphia. Detective Kinsler, of the Eldridge street station, found Wedelberger in Norfolk street Saturday night and arrested him. Lash was found at his home. The boys were held in \$1,000 bail each and committed to the Gory Society.

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CHAPTER V. Divorce and Second Wedding. BENJAMIN.—On July 18, 1888, Judge Nash, of the Supreme Court, New York, granted Eugene S. Benjamin a decree of absolute divorce from Alfred N. Benjamin, also known as Alfred Benjamin, and all pertaining to the same, and her maiden name of Eugenie Saffray Joyce. European papers please copy.

THE day following the signing of the decree of divorce Mr. Benjamin married his housekeeper, Mrs. Benjamin, said yesterday that he was the happiest man on earth, and for the first time in his life knew what true love meant. "I love my Alfred dearly," was all Mrs. Benjamin cared to say after returning from a long ride on Riverside Drive last evening.

SCUFFLE MAY END IN MURDER. Elderly Man Badly Hurt by a Man Half His Age.

Christopher Gumb, an elderly man, of No. 542 West Fifty-third street, in a street fight with William Rittenbaur, but half his age, of No. 308 West Forty-ninth street, yesterday morning, received injuries which may result in his death.

The men quarrelled over the treatment given to a son of the injured man, who is employed by Rittenbaur. The latter claims that Gumb struck him in the back with a shovel, and that he merely responded with a push when the injured man back near the mines, when a trifling joke led to an altercation between George Dureno and Andrew Clemus. In the general row that ensued, Clemus struck an empty beer bottle over Dureno's head.

When Dureno failed to revive he was carried to Dr. Munson's office, who pronounced him dead. Clemus was lodged in the Newton Jail last night.

KILLED HIM WITH A BEER BOTTLE. Andrew Clemus Slays George Dureno in a Fight at Franklin, N. J.

The fourth murder committed in or near Sussex County within the last thirty days occurred at Franklin, N. J., yesterday.

The foreign miners employed by the Franklin Zinc and Iron Company were celebrating a national festival in a grove near the mines, when a trifling joke led to an altercation between George Dureno and Andrew Clemus. In the general row that ensued, Clemus struck an empty beer bottle over Dureno's head.

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SIX HUNDRED PLEASURE SEEKERS REACH HOME AT 2:15 IN THE MORNING. A collision on the New Jersey Central Railroad at Bayway, south of Elizabeth, at 11:20 o'clock Saturday night, delayed a homebound excursion train with 600 persons, mostly women and children, on board. The train did not arrive in Newark until 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

The excursionists were members of the L. S. Plant & Co.'s Employees' Association, and they had been to Asbury Park for a half holiday outing.

CHAPTER IV. And in the End, Detectives. MR. BENJAMIN engaged detectives to obtain evidence against her husband sufficient for a divorce. She failed in this, and Mr. Benjamin, on

HOBSON'S BOY PROTEGE TO BE WITH HIM AT SANTIAGO.

Young Gleow, who wants to go to Annapolis, will accompany the Mermaid hero to Santiago.

ROLAND S. GLEOW is the boy whom Lieutenant Hobson has decided to take with him to Santiago, as his personal assistant.

The boy is a son of Harry Gleow, the yacht designer, and comes from the same town in the South as does Hobson.

He is sixteen years old and until he joined the Brooklyn Naval Reserves was a student at the New York Military Academy, on the Hudson. There, among his other accomplishments, he learned to sound the bugle with such proficiency that he became bugler for the Brooklyn Battalion.

He became popular among the men of the organization because of his bright manners and pleasing appearance.

His great ambition is to become a cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Lieutenant Hobson is particularly fond of him and made special application to the authorities at Washington recently to have him detailed as his assistant.

Lately the boy has been going about with Hobson on his business errands in this city. On Friday he was on the wrecking tug, dressed in his sailor uniform, among the

others who were helping Hobson in his experiments with the air bags.

During the visit of Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the Mermaid, to Newark, he saved Patrick Halloran, it looked yesterday, from being run down by a trolley car. Halloran, who is twenty years old, is a cripple, both of his legs having been cut off, one at the knee and the other below the knee, in a railroad accident.

A wooden stump is attached to one of Halloran's legs, and he uses crutches also. He was at the Market street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad when Lieutenant Hobson alighted from a train. He wanted to shake hands with the Lieutenant, who had reached the street curb on his way to an Orange trolley car.

In his haste, however, he stepped backward on his crutches, instead of turning around, and was on the trolley track as the New York car, going west, came up at the New York car, going east, the trolley tracks and the trolley loop. The motors man clanged his bell and shouted, and the spectators shouted also.

Halloran appeared to be dazed, for he did not move. But Lieutenant Hobson sprang to his side and pulled him off the tracks just as the trolley was about to reach the footboard of the car grating him and Halloran. Then the Lieutenant sprang on the Orange car and rode away.

GLEWS IN MAILS TO JAGO'S "PALS." Letters to Wives of Conspirators Stopped by Government Orders.

The surprising series of thefts from the registered mail on the White Star steamship Britannic discloses ramifications of a remarkable character the longer the Government detectives work on the case. It is reasonably certain that the men on the steamship who made a business of robbing the mails and smuggling, under the leadership of Chief Officer J. W. Jago, who is in custody in this city. It is also reasonably sure that he had assistants in New York and it is these assistants that the Government sleuths are trying to discover.

Extraordinary precautions are being taken by the Government Secret Service connected with the Post Office Department to stop mail addressed to the families of the men on the other side. This indicates that there is a suspicion of a branch of the gang here and that it is expected to catch the guilty ones through information that may be derived from the appended letters.

The men accused of systematically robbing the mails on the Britannic and of smuggling goods into this country are: Chief Officer J. W. Jago, the chief conspirator, according to the others accused; Third Officer John Kynaston, and Assistant Steward Bernard, Galway and Tighe. Another prisoner, the identity of whom is being withheld, is a quantity of diamonds in his possession for which he could not satisfactorily account.

All of these men, with the exception of Jago, are imprisoned in Ludlow Street Jail.

And now comes the ground for suspicion that there are others. The clerk interested besides the men who traveled as officers of the Britannic and Kynaston, who was accused; Third Officer John Kynaston, and Assistant Steward Bernard, Galway and Tighe. Another prisoner, the identity of whom is being withheld, is a quantity of diamonds in his possession for which he could not satisfactorily account.

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